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THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

To move, or not to move; that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler (in your mind) to suffer
The pressing duns of an outrageous landlord,
Or take up carpets with a world of trouble,
And then by moving, spoil them. To move—to rest
No more; and by such move to then begin
The backache and the most unnatural shocks
That flesh is heri to—'tis a consummation
Profanely to be hissed. To skip—to fly—
Ay, there's the rub! For in that sudden flight
What aches will come when we have bundled up
Our household goods, must make us pause. For who
Would bear the feather-bed and looking glass
Adown the steep and zigzag stairs,
And with a rusty stovepipe filled with soot,
Go gallivanting down the crowded street,
The shrinking cynosure of evil eyes?
And who would bear the jibes from mocking mouths,
The stinging sneers, the scornful lips, and yells
From those who have no business of their own
But that the thought of landlords in pursuit,
From whose exacting clutch none e'er escape,
Gilds the pills, and make us fly to other ills
Than rather bear the ones we have. Thus need
Doth make expressmen of us all, and thus
The hateful hue of one year's rent unpaid
Is sicklied o'er with, "You must get right out"
And the hegira of our blasted hopes
Takes up the name of action.

TAKING BOARDERS.

A MODEL LANDLADY, AND THE HAPPY RESULT OF HER KINDNESS.

"It was a great scandal," the neighbors said, that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger when his own flesh and blood were needy; but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were wealthy cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a *gambling* at Baden-Baden and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that "her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and follals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then uncle John's widow had become sort of a gilded creation, always young and always beautiful; for though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard or seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, she found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor house, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bed-ridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

GOOD board in the country, by the riverside, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries and new milk. One mile from the station. Address, DELIA ROGERSON, Croftsborough, Maine.

"Cheap enough," commented an elderly lady, who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it, there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alapaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a fire in Mrs. Clement's room as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisp of gray hair and confided the false front to a box, "wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature. But, in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Gresome complained of the mosquitoes with an air as if Delia was responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there should be no sudden changes, to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. "What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes, a long, long time ago."

"Tell me all about him—it."

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother (you know they were both feeble) and he couldn't stay here. That was all."

"And you—you—"

"Now all men besides are to me like shadows."

"And have you heard of him since?"

"Yes, he wrote, but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a mill-stone about his neck. I did not answer his last letter."

"And supposing he should return some day would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea was familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so nicely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and common-place. One must have recreation of some kind you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry to flavor everyday thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

No, the heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched, but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at four-score as at 'sweet sixteen and twenty.'

Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Capt. Seymour runs against him in Melbourne and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves, all but old Mrs. Clement.

"I believe I'll stay on," she said. "I am getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes, I know. Do stay at your own price, I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; beside, one month more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry, that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern."

At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred dollar bill from an unknown friend.

"It can't be meant for me" she cried.

"It is directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your aunt Delia is dead."

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive," asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great uncle's wife."

"She ought to do something for you.

"How can she if she's dead? I don't blame her anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her.

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," said Delia.

The winter wore away, as winter will, and the miracles of spring begin in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse; both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"I must hear from my man of business to-morrow, Delia I'm knee deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it," cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than to have you take it to heart. You are welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you are such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me."

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillow.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives if she had any. In reply, Mr. Wills wrote: "The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who, having an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read it nevertheless:

"Being sound of mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz: thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining Company, fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Flannel Mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, DELIA ROGERSON, of Croftsborough Maine."

"For I was a stranger and ye took me in; hungry and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me."

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said: "I told you so."

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia, he said.

"And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed? Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Capt. Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with 'Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes! 'Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I, packed my household goods and came—"

I'm glad you did."

"In order that I may congratulate 'Squire Jones?"

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact—I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia!"

In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

Les Incomprehensibles.

BY VICTOR YOU GO.

BOOK I.

A man sat on a picket fence.

Picket fences were invented by Charlemagne, and improved upon by Charles II. of England.

Still the man sat on the fence.

BOOK II

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the windows. The man was a Frenchman. They are copyrighted. All Frenchmen not bearing [the signature of the author are spurious.

It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the sun goes down.

The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiat.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Lippiatt loved her.

Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was contented to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. Like all Frenchmen he was the bravest man in thirteen counties. He was a tailor. A tailor is a man who promises to have your clothes done for Saturday and brings them around week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old boot at Lippiatt.

"Is that you Lippiatt?" she said.

"Yes," said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father says that I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for the coast of Norway. A fearful storm came on. The world drew on a heavy cloak to protect itself from the storm. The sea opened a thousand mouths to swallow Lippiatt. It was hungry for him. His beard and hair were filled with salt. Great grasping hands reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

The scenes grew wilder. Monsters of water crowded against the boat. They were reaching for Lippiatt. He steered his boat to avoid them.

A wave averages twenty feet in height. It contains 400 tons of water. It is thicker at the base than at the top. In this respect it is like a pyramid. But it is not three cornered. It is oval in shape. A round wave is a waterspout. A waterspout is thick at the top and bottom and slender in the middle.

Lippiatt knew this.

He was afraid of waves. He was fearful of waterspouts.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a funnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians suppose it to be caused by a hole in the earth. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down in the maelstrom and tied rope around the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit and fastened the other end of the rope to the masthead. The blocks gave him a purchase.

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. It spun around like an inverted top.

Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was Goudenay. Goudenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What's that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was 1,000 feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right. She didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt soon landed. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket fence.

"How do you do, Goudenay?" he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay; "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiatt looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of his mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay.

It was Lippiatt.

True quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will assign to every one a station suitalbe to his character.—[Addison.

Newspapers in Austria.

In Austria Hungary, every newspaper appearing more than twice a month has to deposit caution-money, if politics are treated or mentioned. For Vienna, and surroundings, this deposit is fixed at $9,000; for towns of 60,000 inhabitants, at $3,000; for towns of 30,000 inhabitants, at $2,000; and for all other places, at $1,000; but papers only appearing three times a week need only pay half the amount. By infringement of the press laws, the caution-money may be partly or wholly forfeited; and all fines are levied on the amount, which has again to be made up to the original sum, if the papers are to go on. To facilitate governmental control, the printer of every paper has to forward copies of it to the local police, to the public prosecutor, to the chief of the local government, to the minister of state, to the supreme police department, besides supplying the imperial court library and the local court or national libraries. The publication of a paper can be stopped either by the police, or by decision of a court of law; but the transmission of foreign papers by the post can only be prohibited by order of the minister of state. In 1871, 23 foreign papers were not allowed to enter the empire, and 52 Austrian-Hungarian papers were debarred from being sent by post. Moreover, the Austrain press has to submit to a stamp-luty, abolished in Hungary, but not in the remainder of the empire, though many efforts have been made to obtain its total abolition; and this adds not only to the cost of the papers, but necessarily restricts the number of readers. It is, therefore, not to be wondeaed at if these newspapers can not live without some sort of extraneous support; and the want of independence of a considerable part of the continental press may be traced to the constant interference of the authorities, and to a limited circulation, which renders it impossible to secure the services of men indifferent to outside influences and satisfied with the fair earnings of an unfettered pen.

A Dive for Life.

"VAN BIBBER'S ROCK" AND ITS THRILLING STORY.

Just below Kanawha falls, in West Virginia, is an overhanging rock of immense size jutting out about one hundred feet over a seething whirlpool and it was once the scene of a remarkable adventure.

The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river, saw his friends—his wife and her babe in her arms—all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice.

"Leap into the river and meet me!"

Laying her babe on the grass, she seized the oars and sprang into a skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river, her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons.

"Wife, wife!" he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down a little lower."

With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost.

The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little skiff floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her. Would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat further down the stream. He rose near her, in a moment the boat was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended upon her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This they did, just where she had started, right where the babe was still laying, crowing and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high on the land, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's Rock" to this day.

The Family Purse.

The money question between husband and wife is one of the most serious drawbacks to married happiness, and it is time it was adjusted on a more just and equal basis. The life of utter dependence which some women lead is crushing and degrading. Men do not realize the utter hopelessness and vacuity to which the system condems woman. They say "My wife is a good, well-intentioned woman, but she does not understand business or finances, and knows that for the welfare of the whole family it is best that I should see to the general disbursements." Now, does anybody believe that it is necessary for the welfare of the family that she should go to him for twenty-five cents every time she needs it for car-fare or a spool of thread? Is it right or just to take her imbecility in money matters for granted before she has been tested? Is it not just such women, who are left by the failure of some speculative craze, to their own resources, with the burden of a family upon their inexperienced shoulders, who often display wonderful powers of energy and calculation, in addition to thrift and peresvering industry, which ought to put all such to men shame? Women, as a general rule, can make one dollar go as far as two in the hands of men; and many conceited individuals who now consider that the social system bounded by four walls of their dwelling would cease to revolve if they were taken out of it, would find great happiness and great pecuniary advantage in putting the control of all the interior details of their homes in the hands of their wives, with a division of the income equal to the requirement.

Good resolutions are an honor to every heart that forms them. But that honor takes to itself a new luster, and that heart is nobler still, when the resolutions are not broken.

Kentucky Blue-Grass Lawns.

How to secure a good stand of blue-grass on the lawn is an interesting question to many farmers and villagers. Everbody knows what a splendid lawn blue-grass (*poa pratensis*) makes—in fact that is the only grass fit for a lawn. I have seen many persons stop and gaze in wonder and admiration at the beautiful green carpet spread over our lawn, where two years before were only weeds and brush. Last year one of these admirers, tempted by its beauty, called on me "to learn what magic I used to transform the wilderness into a garden." He informed me that he had been striving for five years to make the blue-grass grow on his lawn—had sown pecks of seed, and all he had to show was a few straggling patches of blue-grass, red-top and clover; the remainder weeds and bare ground. I enlightened him, and he now joyfully informs me that his lawn is nearly complete, and will be perfect after this year.

Doubtless many have wrestled with this problem as unsuccessfully, and would be delighed to know a way out of the difficulty. Let us suppose your lawn is in a very bad condition—covered with weeds, timothy or prairie grass. The first thing in order is to break it up and thoroughly pulverize with the harrow. Having made it level and smooth as possible, go where there is a patch of blue-grass—you may have to go a long distance, but no matter; I went eight miles for ours—and get a load of sods. Cut them about two inches thick. When you get home take a piece of plank and a sharp spade, lay the sods on the plank and cut them into pieces about four inches square. Draw a line across your lawn and plant the pieces of sod, one to four feet apart each way, according to your supply of sod, putting them just below the level of the surface and pressing each piece firmly down with the foot. Now sow a light sprinkling of rye over all, and roll with a heavy roller. If you have no roller, go over it with a garden rake and smooth it down. Should the ground happen to be very dry, pour a little water on each sod as you plant it.

In a month or six weeks the grass and rye will be high enough to mow, or a few sheep or calves may be turned on to graze it down. The trampling of sheep and calves will cause the blue-grass to spread much faster than the mowing. The chief object to be kept in view is—*keep everything down!* If you allow weeds or anythiug to grow over four inches high the blue-grass will cease to spread. Two years of close grazing or mowing will give the blue-grass entire possession, and kill out everything else.

FLOWER-BEDS AMONG BLUE-GRASS.

I have shown how to obtain a splendid lawn of blue-grass. But it is no sooner secured and duly admired, than the ladies of the household are seized with an intense desire to embellish it with flower-beds. Of course this is perfectly proper. The beds are spaded, flowers planted, and then comes tribulation. Blue-grass delights in rich mellow soil, and immediately long white shoots dart under the bed, come up among the flowers, and in spite of clipping and picking, before the summer is over the beds will be full of roots and half covered with grass. It robs the soil of the moisture and strength so indispensible to a flower-bed, and instead of being a thing of beauty, the bed is only a source of disappointment.

I will show the ladies how this difficulty may be overcome. A flower-bed on a grass lawn, to give the best resnlts, should not be less than six feet wide at its narrowest part. Eight by twelve makes a fine bed. To keep the grass out, place around the bed common six-inch fence boards, letting them down until the upper edge is just below the level of the ground. Fit the corners as close as possible, or the grass roots will creep through. Pack the soil firmly on both sides of the boards, and the thing is done. Blue-grass roots will not penetrate the bed under six-inch boards, and may very easily be kept from creeping over. In such a bed the soil will keep moist, and flowering plants will thrive as finely as in a vegetable garden. If the boards are painted with hot gas tar before being put down they will last for many years.

THE FIRST WATCH.—At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvements—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystal, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than $1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

The Democratic Party.

BY LE DUKE

If political parties have any value in this country it must consist in their usefulness as promoters of the public peace, and the general welfare. A political party which does not have in view the fullest moral and intellectual development and the security of life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness, fails to be honored with the title of a political organization. Moreover, a political party which cannot boast of a uniform rule of action throughout its whole organization deserves to be branded as an institution unworthy of the support of the people. The democratic party of this country, which claims to be a party, is not *indeed* a party, for it lacks the essential feature of organization—unanimity of purpose and uniformity of policy. The democratic party seems to have two separate and distinct wings. The wing at the North, developing through the potent agencies of proper government among which are a free acknowledgment of the common right of citizenship and the rights of liberty and property, have come to the conclusion that no man can, or should, be denied the privileges which accrue to him in his capacity as a member of the body politic; while the wing at the South act on the narrow, ungenerous and false idea that none but white men are entitled to the honor of being bona-fide members of the body politic, and that none but white men are entitled to the privileges and equities of citizenship. The North wing believe in peace, the South in perpetual on the Negro. The South wing adopt the policy of securing party supremacy by a resort to the most atrocious acts. They justify murder by claiming that this is a white man's government. They outrage every instinct of humanity and justify it by claiming their right to lay imposition, of whatever character, upon the helpless colored people in order to keep in tact the organized opposition to "nigger dominance." At the North the colored man will find that, in his business relations, the democrat is not unlike the republican. They both acknowledge him as being competent and entitled to protect his own interests. At the South, the republican is his only friend while the democrats enter into business relations with the colored man because he is compelled to and stoop cheat him because they hate him. The idea that the Southern democrat is the best friend to the colored man is a great mistake. To be sure, he will throw a dollar at a colored man in order to show how *generous* (?) he is; but at the next moment he will attempt to force the colored man to the most abject humiliation, while at the same time he has robbed those in his employ of the very dollar with which he pretends to display his large-heartedness. It would be our salvation if we could *know* how unjust the Southern democrat is and act accordingly. Now, I don't pretend to excuse the Northern wing of the democracy because they happen to follow local practices. If the democratic is a party, then its record must be shared by all its members, for they directly or indirectly help to make that record. If the democratic wing at the South adopt a policy of bulldozing, murder, riot, bloodshed and high-handed knavery for political purposes, then the democracy at the North are parties to it, on account of their affiliation with Southern democracy. If the Northern wing must wink at the atrocities perpetrated by the Southern wing, then they are hypocrites, they are *particeps criminis* and should be held responsible. If the democrats at the North want a cessation of political murders at the South, they should cry out against it and demand that the rights and liberties should not be invaded.

If this were done the South wing would soon learn that the policy is a bad one and would act accordingly. If they but knew that there was no party sympathy at the North, riots would cease, political murders would be unknown, and bulldozing would be a relic of the past.

Until the Northern doughface uses his influence against the present shotgun policy, they had better go gunning for accessions among a class of men whose brethren are not being shot down like dogs because they dare to express their political convictions. In other words it will be no use trying to make the colored voters believe that the democratic party is their friend.

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts. N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

HON. BENJ. BUTTERWORTH.

Among the most important and worthy appointments made by President Arthur is that of Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, as Commissioner of Patents. Mr. Butterworth was born in Warren county, Ohio, October 22, 1839; was a member of the Ohio senate and a member of the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. He is a man of sterling integrity and possessed of a large heart and a wise head, as his speeches on the various important topics which were before Congress while he was a member clearly show. His friendship for the colored people is firm and his record for republicanism pure. He represents that class of republicans who believe in exact and equal justice to all citizens without regard to race or color. He is a ready, able and earnest speaker and his arguments, which are logical and unostentatious, carry conviction. He voted for the seating of Lynch and Smalls and used his endeavors in behalf of Hon. Samuel Lee, the unsuccessful contestant. The people of Cincinnati can not do better in the coming contest than to place Mr. Butterworth in the Congressional fight. His election would be certain and his support to the party considerable.

The President's Message has been very generally commended for its strong, business-like character. Its references to our foreign affairs, its suggestions as to our postal facilities, to the state of our finances, the reduction of surplus and how it can best be accomplished, if adopted, will meet with the hearty concurrence of a majority of the American people.

We call attention to the advertisement of Williams' History of the Negro Race.

Our readers must excuse us this week for the paucity of editorial comment.

Houghton Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just published a new edition of the Portrait Catalogue of their publications. It embraces a list of the thousands of books they publish, under the names of the authors alphabetically, and in many instances describes the books or gives their contents. It contains portraits of several of their distinguished authors - Aldrich, Hans Christian Anderson, Bjornsen, John Burroughs, Cooper, Dickens, Emerson, Fields, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Holmes, Howells, James, Longfellow, Lowell, Owen Meredith, Scott, Scudder, Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Whitney, and Whittier.

In addition to the Works of the above-named authors, this catalogue comprises those of the following Writers: —

Agassiz, Bacon, The British Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, Dr. John Brown, Browning, Bryant's Transalation of Homer, Carlyle, Alice and Phœbe, Cary, James Freeman Clarke, Joseph Cook, Richard H. Dana, Jr., De Quincy, John Fiske, Goethe, Mrs. Jameson, Sarah Orne Jewett, Star King, Lucy Larcon, George H. Lewis, McCaulay, Montaigne, Mulford, Parton, Pascal, Miss Phelps, Adelaide Procter, Saze, J. C. Shairp, Mrs. Thaxter, Thoreau, George Ticknor, Whipple, Richard Grant White, and hundreds of others.

This Catalogue will be sent free to any one requesting it.

From Nebraska.

Mr. Editor:—We are having fine weather, and many predict that we are going to have an open winter. If this should be true, it will be very pleasant for our stock-feeders, for there are between thirty-five and forty thousand head of stock being fed here at this place.

I am exceedingly glad to see that there is a plan maturing in the minds of our people to leave that savage part of our country and emigrate west among a better and a more civilized class of whites; and where their advice, worth and association will be appreciated. The idea is a good one, and I am sure that the people of our state will render all the aid that they can promptly. I have no doubt but that the chairman will convene our central committee about the first of January and arrange for the work of emigration which ought to begin in the spring.

Our people have taken too much already from those demagogues and barbarous whites in that section. It is not manly to allow those natural-born tyrants to succeed in perpetrating such glaring abuses upon themselves, wives and children. The Government is not able to protect its citizens, and its weakness is becoming more and more apparent as it gets larger. It is their duty to protect themselves and those committed to their care. The northern states are trying to do a great deal for the ex-union soldiers and their widows and heirs, by giving them one hundred and sixty acres of Government land on condition, that they should settle upon it, and to pension them as fast as they arrive at the age of fifty. And, as we can not get fair representation from the southern states, on account of their "shot-gun policy," this matter will become very doubtful. It amounts to a great deal when voters are deterred from enjoying the rights of franchise and in consequence are not able to choose fair representatives. Nor should we go out of politics any more than we should go out of religion. Both should be exercised with moderation and prudence.

We hope that great wisdom and discretion will be exercised, and definite conclusions arrived at and plans laid before spring. The one thing needful in the west is money, and one must have a little in order to invest it to a great advantage. Homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres cannot be gotten unless a person has about eighteen dollars, and for a timber culture of one hundred and sixty acres, one must have about four dollars; and for a pre-emption, two dollars and fifty cents; and the entire one hundred and sixty acres to be paid for at the end of two years and six months, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, or at two dollars and fifty cents per acre, according as the claim happens to be near to or far from a railroad grant. Twenty-five hogs will more than pay for the land in two years and a half. It is always better to invest in stock, poultry, hogs, cattle, sheep, etc., as a person feels able. Corn pays from twenty-five to thirty cents more to feed it than it does to sell it to buyers. This will also be a good chance for some of our young scholars to go into the wholesale and retail business and grain buying. Railroad lands can be bought on ten years time at six per cent interest, five per cent off for cash. The amount or fare spent in the state where one buys this kind of land is allowed on the first payment, and a rebate is allowed for all improvements. I. B. Burton.

THE NEGRO AS AN INVENTOR.

The Louisville *Bulletin* in its last issue made reference to the remarks by the Hon. Fredrick Douglass at the Louisville convention concerning the elevation of a Negro to the Vice Presidency, and compared Mr. Douglass's remarks with a statement in the American Machinist to the effect that the Negroes should build and control machine shops of their own, and give employment to colored lads as apprentices. The *Bulletin* thinks that one Negro who could build the Brooklyn bridge, would be worth more to the race than a long succession of vice presidents. In this view of the case the *Bulletin* seems to lose sight of one very important consideration. There is no lack of intances going to show the mechanical genius and engineering skill of the Negro. The plan upon which that very Brooklyn bridge was built had its birth in the mechanical genius of a Negro. Mr Dietz, of New York. This same gentleman more than thirty years ago drew a plan for constructing the famous elevated railway which now threads the thoroughfares of our American metropolis. Benjamin Banneker of Maryland, the noted Negro astronomer and surveyor, gave able professional assistance in the work of laying out and surveying the site, and in arranging the plan of this magnificent capital city. An humble colored boy in a work shop in Memphis gave the first intimation of the possibility of producing the atmospheric brake subsequently patented by Westinghouse, and now known thoughout the civilized world as the "Westinghouse Air Brake. —*Edwin in the Plain-Dealer.*

On the Advantages Which the South Offers Over the North for our Colored Young Men.

A paper read before Bethel Literary, Tuesday evening, December 4 h, by A J. Hilyer, of Minneapolis, Minn.:

I was requested some days ago to prepare a paper for the consideration of this society, that would bring out in some degree the advantages which the South offers the Negro over the North. At first thought the permanent and enduring advantages of that somewhat peculiar and anomalous portion of our common country seemed obvious enough to me. Upon reflection difficulties began to multiply. The more I thought how prone most of us are to regard the present and the near and to ignore the future and the distant, the difficulties of making these advantages seem obvious to my probable auditors become very inflated.

The difficulty is increased by our peculiar condition, by our peculiar position, by our peculiar history and by our abnormal relations to the dominant class in the country of which we are a very considerable numerical part. In the South we have some of those essentials to development, which we have not in the North. On the other hand we have in the North some of those essentials which we have not in the South. Each section has its advantages, and each has its disadvantages—neither is in heaven. Both are on earth. To set forth the advantages of these two sections, to paint two pictures, both perhaps anomalous, but to do it fairly, will be the object of this paper.

It is my purpose in this paper to be practical, to deal with facts and circumstances as they actually exist, and not with what ought to be or with what we would like to have them be, *but with what is.*

There are some colored people in the North, to whom the facts assumed in this paper will not apply. There are many who have reached such a high stage of development, that the advantages or disadvantages of any community would in no wise affect them. For they are above all the trammels of an unfavorable environment. All such of course must be eliminated from a discussion of this kind.

Again there is a very numerous class of colored people in the Northern and border States, who by their thrift, tact and economy, have already amassed ample fortunes and are content to the fruits of their past labor and self-denial, under the most favorable circumstances which the present and the near afford, and very much "prefer to bear those ills they have than flee to other things they know not of." These also must be eliminated. Lastly, we must exclude all that class of colored people who, though poor, are supremely contented and happy with and in their present, to them, very satisfactory condition, who are satisfied to live for themselves and their posterity, by one of those methods of menial of unskilled employments to which we in the North are, with a few *conspicious* exceptions, unfortunately restricted. We must exclude *all* who have no ambition, care, or concern, even when doors are flung wide open, to escape from the prison of that mean estate in which cruel circumstances have placed themselves, but are perfectly willing to remain, for themselves and their posterity, in this permanent state of inferiority and prosecution, with no reasonable hope for financial, business, material or social preferment.

This paper does not contemplate either or any of these classes. It is for the consideration of those noble natures of our race who are not content with the *crumbs* that fall from the table of the Caucasian, who want some of his opportunities to get wealth, prestige and power. It is prepared for the especial consideration of those young men and women who are not satisfied with what we have, but want something more, and who are willing to undergo some self-denial to attain that something. For one, the present condition of things don't suit me. My growth is cramped, I feel that my development is retarded. I am one of a very numerous class in this country. Hence any conclusion at which I can arrive concerning myself will be of very general appreciation, unless it be that I am either smarter or duller than my fellow men. The first I do not think that any one else would admit and the last I would not like to admit myself—even in the face of proof.

I have been led to believe that the South offers the better field for me and *a priori* the ambitious colored people of this country by a careful examination and appreciation of some indisputable facts. Let us examine some of those facts together for a moment or so.

There are in this country, now perhaps, 7,000,000 of colored people. Of these fully four and a half millions reside in the eight States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. The remaining two and a half millions are scattered over forty States and territories.

By the census of 1880, there were in the eight States named, 4,353,087 colored, and 4,695,253 whites; an excess of only 342,166 or about the total population of the single city of Baltimore. In Louisiana the colored exceed the white by 28,701, being in the ratio of 9 colored to 8 whites. In Mississippi they exceed by 107,893, in the ratio of 3 to 2. In South Carolina the colored majority reaches 213,227, and there are 5 colored to 3 whites. The colored exceed the whites in these three States by 412,821.

The average increase of the colored population assisted by an immigration that is scarcely appreciable has been for the last 90 years 27,770. The average increase of the white population with the aid of an immigration of hundreds of thousands has been for the same time 23,370. The white population doubles every 25 years, the colored every 22 years.

I am not one of those who believe that this phenomenal increase of population, which is without a parallel in history, will continue, on the part of the colored people of this country, many decades longer. The well known checks which civilization brings to the increase of population will assert themselves and be just as effectual among us, as it always has been among other people. We will not continue to gain upon the whole white population of the United States in the same proportion that we have in the past. But that we will continue to gain upon the white population, of most if not all, of the eight States named in the same and even greater proportion, seems to be a self evident proposition. This change of population will be aided and facilitated in the following ways.

1. By a greater proportionate natural increase.

2. By immigration to these States, of colored people, from other parts of the Union and from the West Indies, Central and South America. There are fully 10,000,000 of colored people in and around America, outside of the United States, and when all the world are turning their attention to this country, why will not these people also see the advantages of our institutionsand come with the rest of the world to share them?

3 It will be aided by the emigration of the whites from the South to the North and West. This proposition, at first sight, may not seem tenable. But in fact it is going on now, quietly but effectually, and has been going on ever since the war. Is it not a fact that many of the sons and daughters of the Southern aristocray, are educated in the north? While there Northern alliances and friendships are formed. Northern ideas of thrift and of enterprise for the display of which the North and West, with their tempting prizes, offers to them the better field. Every year some of the best blood of the South, the flower of the Southern aristocracy, bid the old plantation and its surroundings, associated in memory with so much joy and so much sadness, a final farewell. This tendency now going on so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, will accelerate. The young white man of spirit who has been educated at the North will not be content to go back home and be lost in the midst of a great black population. The great West offers an unlimited field for his capital, his enterprise and his talents.

The time will come when the whites in the South will be in the same situation, as to numbers, that the Negroes are to day in some of the Northern and border States, like Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Ohio. And when that time comes the aristocracy will leave. Thus leaving the country in the hands of the colored and poor whites, and if we allow them to keep us down we deserve to stay down.

(*to be continued*).

A Colored Artist.

Mr. Peter Bowman, of Monongahela City, Pa., has executed a statute which attracts more than usual attention. It is by no means the work of a finished artist, neither does it lack evidences of genius. It stands with its pedestal about five feet ten inches in height, and has been cut from very light sandstone. The figure represents a young man, neatly dressed, with the studied position of a school boy delivering his speech. The lappels, buttons and button holes are brought into notice, while at the wrist may be seen the cuffs just peeping below the coat sleeves, a standing collar, neat tie, etc. The feet are encased in boots, while the pants are outlined with taste. Peter has been a resident of this city all his life and has followed the trade of jobbing, such as building chimneys, setting grates, laying pavement and like work. He is something of a genius. For the past three years his winters have been passed at Wilberforce University and in the summer he labored at home, and his scholastic efforts have been crowned with such success that he will graduate from the theological department in June 1884. But now that his statute seems to excite such wonder he may turn from theology and wander in the footprints of Edmonia Lewis.—*Exchange.*

Selfishness cannot flourish where magnanimity reigns. The man of large soul sees far beyond his own little orbit; his heart thrills with sympathy in joys and sorrows that touch not his own life. Like the astronomer, who sees our earth to be but a speck in the great universe, he sees himself to be but a speck in the great humanity that lives and throbs around him. Instead of fixing an intense and microscopic vision on himself, with his little round of interests, his large hearts swells with sympathy for others, and his hand hastens to do them good. Generosity, however liberal, may be self conscious, but the essence of magnanimity is to forget the claims of self in yearning for others, to pass by the less in the search for the greater.

A Scrap for History.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES UPON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FORTY EIGHTH CONGRESS.

It must have been a humiliating spectacle to every ex-union soldier having a seat in the gallery of the House of Representatives on Monday last. when the call of states was being made for the purpose of swearing in new members, and when several of the southern states had been called, and the space in front of the Speaker's desk had become blocked by members from those states, ready to receive the oath, that only one member out of about forty, James E. O'Hara, of North Carolina, a colored man, was able to take the "iron clad" oath, showing that he was the only one of the number who had not at some period of his life been a traitor to his country and flag.

C. R. D.

An Outside Whitewash.

Few people know how easily whitewash is made, and how valuable it is when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but is greatly conducive to the heathfulness of buildings, whether wood or stone. Out buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:

Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it about half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and put in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work.

If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be given to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl, by lead, lamp, vin or ivy black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American—the latter is the cheaper—one pound of Indian red, one pound of common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack.

Popular Science Notes.

According to the medical rule, immunity from yellow fever is conferred at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A very interesting fact learned by scientists from fossil zoology is that the brain of about all animals, especially domesticated ones, has increased greatly in size the last few hundred years, yet these learned men fail to give any satisfactory theory for such being the case.

Wonderful cures for hydrophobia, and the bites of snakes and other poisonous reptiles, have been discovered in two curious plants—the "guaco," and the "cedron," which grow in abundance in New Grenada, and which are already being propagated in this country, but as yet to a limited extent.

Wasteful Interest Paid by Farmers.

There is no disputing the fact that any farm implement, be it wagon, plow, harrow, reaper, rake, or what not, if left exposed to rain and sun for ten years, will be practically good for nothing. We might say in five years, but if any choose to cavil at five, we will say ten. *This is ten per cent. per annum!* At a cost of less than *one* per cent, these tools can be kept housed, or under cover of some kind, even if but rough boards, that will shut out sun and rain. Because we do not see the silent, slow, but steady waste, we are apt to forget that it is ever going on. It is unnecessary to suggest the "application" of this short sermon. Nine per cent, interest *saved* is not to be despised.

There is nothing in the world that is quite so unattractive as what is called candor. The most disagreeable people one meets are those who religiously express their minds and tell the truth on every occasion. A candid man is a kind of burr in the world's hair, and while the man of tact smooths the rough edges of life and makes his neighbors happy, the man of candor is a constant irritation. Still, a blunt truth, bluntly told has its occasional use. "What did you think of," said one boon companion to another, "when you woke up in the ditch the other day, after your carouse?" "Think of?" was the caustic reply, "well, the first thing I did was to consider why in the world you were not lying beside me."

Nothing so buttresses character as a great victory over a great foe, and all that a man can take with him from this life to the next is character, and the purity and nobleness of that estate will depend upon his victories here over great temptations and untoward circumstances. Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant and popular and entertaining, but he will lack weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.

A little girl went into a drug store the other day and said to the proprietor in a half whisper, "If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give for nothing?"

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense that the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of men.

Gen. Washington is said to have stopped his horse, as he was once riding along a country road, to administer this rebuke to a profane ploughman: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me, and I have always found that it did no good to get angry; and that neither broken ploughs nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language."

Two grammarians were wrangling the other day, one contending that it was only proper to say, "My wages is high," while the other noisily insisted that the correct thing was, "My wages are high." Finally they stopped a day laborer, and submitted the question to him. "Which do you say, 'Your wages is high,' or 'Your wages are high?'" "Oh, off wid yer nonsense," he said, resuming his pick. "yer naither ov ye right; me wages is low, bad luck to it.

West Washington Notes.

Miss Florence Williams was the successful candidate who obtained the beautiful gold watch voted for at St. Augustine's fair. She received 960½ votes, being 560½ more than those of any other candidate. Miss Williams is a fine worker for any cause in which she is engaged.

There is expected to be a fashionable marriage between one of the popular beaux on O-st near 28th, and one of the fair belles of West P-st, between 30th and 31st. We welcome the happy day to Mr. D. and Miss —— etc.

Mr. J. A. Dunagan, of New York paid a visit to some of our fair belles among whom were Misses Jennie Norris and Alice Jones.

Mr. Samuel Barbour was presented on Saturday with a handsome present in the person of another fair belle of West Washington.

Rev. A. Dennis preached at John Wesley church on Sabbath afternoon, and was accompanied by his new Sabbath-school choir which rendered excellent music and received the praise of all. The pastor has an excellent church, a splendid congregation and we believe him to be entitled to an excellent choir such as belongs to his Sabbath-school. The revival is still going in Mt. Zion church, among the converts is the daughter of Mr. Alfred Pope.

Lincoln Light Infantry at a meeting at their armory on Monday night last passed a resolution unanimously to attend the Cadets' fair on the 17th inst. in full force, and an invitation was extended to the honorary members to accompany them. At a regular meeting on Tuesday night of the honorary members, of which R. D. Ruffin is chairman, the above invitation was accepted, and all will go in a body. The honorary members of the above-named company have completed their arrangements for the grand fair for the interest of the company to be held in Market-house hall, commencing on 19th instant.

Died.

Mrs. Samuel Brown, on Monday last, after a long illness, of consumption; also Mrs. Mary Fowler on Friday last, of consumption.

A funeral was preached in Ebenezer church Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m., by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Brown, assisted by Dr. D. P. Seaton.

Alexander Lee, on Saturday last, funeral preached at the First Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. Sandy Alexander, on Monday. He was buried in Mt. Zion cemetery, and his remains were exhumed on Monday night and were found late in the day on Tuesday with a rope around the arms, near the creek, where it had been dragged by the robber. It is supposed that the robber was frightened off by some means. The body was taken to the station house where it was turned over to the relatives to be re-interred.

Obituary

Died, at his home in Philadelphia, Tuesday night, Wm. H. F. Armstead, eldest child of John and Martha A. Armstead, brother to Miss Emily M. Armstead a teacher in the public schools of this city. (Virginia *Baptist Companion* please copy).

The deceased was born in Portsmouth, Va., April 3rd, 1850. He removed to Philadelphia in 1852. Graduated from the Institute of Colored Youth in December, 1868, in the class with E. R. Belcher, of Savannah, Ga., and Chas. N. Thomas, formerly of the District bar. He was a young man of brilliant talents, was preeminently successful as a teacher, having been for several years principal of the Colored Schools of Camden, N. J. Owing to failing health he spent last winter in Florida; returned home much improved last spring.

He won the first place under the Civil Service examination last July, distancing among others the appointee, Mr. P. I. Locke, well known in this city and Mr. Spencer Irwin, both young men of remarkable brillancy. He succeeded Mr. Locke as teacher at Chester, Pa, but he had to give it up.

Scores of his acquaintances throughout New Jersey, New York and New England, as well as in Pennsylvania, this District and Virginia, will regret his untimely taking off—none more so than the writer whose nephew he was.

J. W. C.

COMMONPLACE.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers all failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often desire death. I know or any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any one who is afraid of it. For a Pagan there may be some motive to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come.—[Browne.

Man has to go out and seek his past, woman's path usually lies close under her

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell ..... Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass. ..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Bethel Literary meets next Tuesday at Lincoln Mission, corner of 11th and R streets, n. w. Don't forget.

—Mrs. Lucy A. Cromwell accompanied Miss Emily M. Armstead to Philadelphia, Wednesday night.

—Miss Annie Usher, sister of Rev. G. W. Usher, of Isreal C. M. E. church, died at Atlanta, Ga., on the 4th inst.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

Rev. R. R. Morris, of the A. M. E. Zion church, spent a few days in our city, the guest of his friend R. J. Smith.

—Col. W. W. Bush, of New York, the first man to enlist in the late war, is in town the guest of Capt. D. L. Pitcher, of the 6th auditor's office.

—It is stated positively that Mr. James Wilson, of Omaha, Nebraska, will soon wed Miss Mary Parker, of this city and that they will reside at Omaha.

—Rev. Jesup Boulden, formerly pastor of the 19th Baptist church, is in the city settling up his affairs preparatory to removing to his home in Columbia, Miss.

—The *Bee*, our local contemporary, continues to present a bold and interesting front. Bro. Chase and old friend, St. A., are doing well. Keep it up boys and we will pull together.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Rev. J. Anderson Taylor, of Richmond, and R. G. L. Paige, Assistant Postmaster of Norfolk, were in the city last week in attendance of the readjuster conference.

—A meeting to organize an emigration society will be held at the Fourth Baptist church, on R street, between Vt. ave. and 13th street, next Friday night. Everybody invited.

—The lecture of Col. G. M. Arnold at the 15th Presbyterian church Tuesday night, before Capital City Guard Company B, was a success. His tribute to the colored soldiers of the late war, was as eloquent as it was deserved. Prof. G. W. Cook presided with becoming dignity.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson, still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—We desire to call the attention of our patrons to the splendid assortment of holiday presents now on exhibition and for sale at O. P. Burdett's store 437 - 7th street n. w. Persons would do well to call and examine the goods at the above-named store before purchasing their presents elsewhere.

—At the Literary Tuesday night the debate was quite animated. After the reading of the paper, W. T. Davis, Jesse Lawson and F. L. Cardoza, spoke favorably of the North. Messrs. Deas, Rev. W. H. Brooks, J. R. Harris, Scurlock and J. Dean, of the South. Messrs. Waring and Richardson also spoke.

—The Thanksgiving supper of the Bereans was unusually successful. They netted more than $60. There is no congregation in the city that has a band of better workers than those in this church.

—The marriage of Miss Serena A. Camper, of this city, to Mr. Louis Thos. Lomack, of Cleveland, Ohio, will take place on Wednesday evening, 19th inst., at 8 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents 1159, - 17th street n. w.

—A lecture will be delivered by M. H. A. Wayland, a student of Howard University, in the Berean Baptist church, on 18th street, between L and M streets, Monday evening, Dec. 10th, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject:—"Virginia's Gains and Losses." Invitation is respectfully extended to all.

—At a business meeting of the Washington Cadet Corps last night the following-named gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: C. A. Fleetwood, captain; J. A. Perry, first lieutenant; A. J. Brooks, second lieutenant, J. R. Brown, brevet second lieutant; J. A. Payne, secretary; J. P. Cutler, armorer.

—Miss Gertie Coakley and Mr. I. B. Brown were bound in holy matrimony at St. Augustine church, Wednesday evening, November 28th, after which the couple were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, where a formal reception was held. They will take up their abode on Madison-avenue. The ADVOCATE congratulates the happy couple and bids them, God speed!

—Mr. Robert R. Colbert has returned with his fair bride, and they have taken up their abode in O street, at their handsome residence. Mr. Colbert is a genial and provident gentleman and his wife a refined and cultured lady; we trust that their lives may be the happiest, running smoothly in the grooves of increasing love and contentment.

—W. T. Scott conferred the degrees of the Knights of Labor of the Order of Twelve upon Gen. T. Morris Chester last week. He has been commissioned as D. G. M. for the eastern States by Moses Dickson, C. G. M. The General was also made a honorary member of the Rising Sun of Egypt Temple, No. 141, of this city. The order is always proud to add such material to its members. *Cairo Gazette.*

Miss Lena Miller (Mrs. McKenney) is now in Iowa sustaining the leading part in the new operetta in three parts, entitled "The Dude." The following specimen extract will show how the Hawkeyes regard her:

"The singing of Miss Lena Miller seemed to be particularly appreciated by the music-loving audience, and on every occasion on which this charming lady appeared, she was compelled by applause to re-appear, and this she did, much to the delight of everybody.,,—*Ottumwa Press.*

—The Waiters Union, grand entertainment, will take place at Wayland Hall, I street, between 19th and 20th, n. w., Wednesday evening, December 12th, 1883. As this, in all probability, will surpass any of the previous efforts of this club, the patronage of the public is especially requested.

Prudently break up your cold by the timely use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throat, and a certain curative for Coughs.

The Cadets New Armory.

In response to numerous inquiries we are happy to refer our readers to the advertisement of the agent of "New Armory Hall" to be found in another column of this issue.

The Hall is by all odds the largest, best appointed and most easily reached, besides being at the lowest or we should say at a lower price than any other Hall in the city. Our various and numerous civil and military, religious and benevolent, as well as social organizations, we trust will continue the patronage so well begnn.

THE "SPARTAN" BALL.

The first of a series of grand receptions to be given by the Sparta Social Club was given on the 30th ulto., at the Armory of the Washington Cadets. The affairs was a very brillant one, in which the elite participated, decked in conventionals and lovely party dress. The Spartans will do much to make the season lively and entertaining for fashionable people.

The Union Fair

By the Cadets of the Union Bethel church, will be opened next Monday night with a grand masquerade, and continue until Friday, December 21st. Season tickets forty cents. General admission ten cents.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR CAPT. FLEETWOOD.

MR. EDITOR:—Will Captain Fleetwood be kind enough to explain why the Washington Cadets issued invitations to a "*Complimentary Hop*," on Thanksgiving night, and then compelled their guests to pay for checks? and refused to admit them without the aforesaid checks. And why did they charge for supper at a *complimentary hop?* This would have been proper enough if they had so stated it on their invitations, but when one receives an invitation to a complimentary entertainment and then is refused admision until he pays we are surprised and consider it the biggest beat of the season.

No charge for the above it is *complimentary* (?) Next.

IONE.

Galbraith's New Church.

The congregation of Galbraith Chapel, A. M. E. Zion church, on L street, between 4th and 5th streets, n. w., has purchased the Immanuel Evangical church on 6th street, between L and M streets, n. w., for $16,000. Terms: $300 down, to bind the bargain (which has been paid); $6,000 on the 25th of February, 1884; the congregation to take possession on the 1st of March next; $2,000 to be paid six months thereafter; and the remainder within ten years, $800 annually. This will be one of the best churches in that connection, and great credit is due the Rev. John A. Mulligan, pastor, who has been in charge only about seven months, for his energetic efforts in promoting the welfare of that church; and it is hoped that the public will encourage them in their laudable enterprise by liberal contributions.

Lincolnville, S. C., is the model Negro village of America. It is absolutely without a parallel and is a geographical curiosity. First and above all it is purely colored. Not a single white man tarries here except to give a salutation or to receive some information. The elegibility of the site was first seen by Bishop R. H. Cain who bought the entire tract.—*Palmetto Press.*

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

JUST OUT! JUST OUT!!

The eloquent speeches of Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Fredrick Douglass, on The Civil Rights question, have been published in pamphlet form. Copies may be obtained at this office, price fifteen cents. Persons remitting that amount, will have a copy sent by return of mail.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interests and welfare. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.[Addison.

All the precepts, promises and threatenings of the gospel will rise up in judgment against us; and the articles of our faith will be so many articles of accusation; and the great weight of our charge will be this, that we did not obey the gospel, which we professed to believe; that we made profession of the Christian faith and lived like heathens.—[Tillotson.

How can we think of appearing at that tribunal without being able to give ready answers to the questions which shall then be put to us about the poor and the afflicted, the hungry and the naked, the sick and the imprisoned.—[Atterbury.

—Circumstances alter cases, particularly reduced circumstances.

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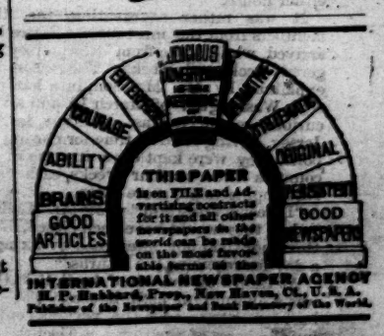

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RESPONSE TO A POET.

Most readers are familiar with Moore's popular melody, sung so many thousands of times, of which the following is the first stanza:

"The world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven."

An American writer improves the sentiment of Moore in the following antithesis:

This world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given"—
He that hath sooth'd a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something left of heaven.

He that the Christian course has ran,
And all his foes forgiven,
And measured out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heaven.

The First Presidential Election.

BY JAMES PARTON.

It occurred in the middle of a cold winter, a most inconvenient season. Congress did not learn the acceptance of the new Constitution by a sufficient number of States until late in the summer of 1788, and did not name the day for the election of a President until the 13th of September.

The three interesting days were then appointed—the "three Wednesdays," as they were called. On the first Wednesday of January, 1789, the people were to elect Presidential electors. On the first Wednesday of February the electors of each State were to meet and choose a President and Vice President. On the first Wednesday in March (which was the 4th) Congress was to meet in New York, count the electoral votes, and set the new Government in motion.

So the first Presidential election took place at a very cold time of year. Mr. Madison, afterward President, who was always fond of his joke, used to take much pleasure in telling his friends what a remarkably cold time they had at that winter election. He was running for Congress in Virginia against James Monroe, who was destined to succeed him in the Presidency.

The two candidates had a public discussion one Sunday afternoon in the open air from the steps of a Lutheran church.

It was not usual then to hold political meetings on Sunday; but the issues were deemed so important, and it was so hard to get the people together in the middle of winter, that it was thought proper to invite the congregation after church to listen to a political debate.

A keen northeaster was blowing. When Mr. Madison mounted the steps, and addressed the people, he had to face as sharp a wind as ever blew in Virginia. It was so cold that one of the speaker's ears was frozen, and so badly, too, that the ear showed some traces of it to his dying day. As Mr. Madison told the story, he would point to the marks upon his ear, as "the honorable scars he had borne from the battle field."

Out of the whole body of voters, it is questionable if a hundred would have cast their votes against Gen. Washington.

As to the Vice Presidency, nobody appears to have wanted the office very much. It was generally agreed that, since Virginia was to give a President, Massachusetts ought to furnish the Vice President. The three candidates most spoken of were Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and John Adams. Gov. Hancock was too proud to want the second place. Samuel Adams was not thought to be a hearty friend of the new Government.

The choice, therefore, fell upon John Adams, just home from England and Holland, where he had served his country with great ability.

I believe his descendants to this day possess "the chain and medal of gold, of the value of 1,300 florins," which were given him this year by their High Mightinesses, the chief magistrates of Holland.

If there had been any doubt about his election, that doubt was dispelled by Gen. Washington, who caused it to be made known to some electors, that he himself approved and desired the election of John Adams.

"Whoever may occupy the first seat," he wrote to Benjamin Lincoln, "I shall be entirely satisfied with that arrangement for filling the second office."

These words, or words like these, were intended to influence the minds of the electors. This we learn from another letter to Benjamin Lincoln, of the same month.

"Some of these gentlemen (the electors) will have been advised that this measure (the election of Mr. Adams) would be entirely agreeable to me, and that I considered it the only certain way to prevent the election of an anti-Federalist."

We see from this that Washington, at an important crisis, could be a politician, and use his personal influence to carry a political point. No one will blame him. He was bound heart and soul to the success of this sublime experiment, and he was justified in using all honorable means to have the new Government administered by its best friends.

The elections duly occurred on the first Wednesday of January and the first Wednesday in February. The electoral votes were forwarded in sealed packets to New York. So far, all had gone according to the act of the old Congress, with order and punctuality.

The first Wednesday of March arrived, the day on which the new Congress was appointed to meet. There was no quorum present of either house, and nothing could be done except adjourn from day to day, and wait for the arrival of the tardy members.

At that muddy season it was a week's hard work to travel 200 miles, and some of the members had to make their way from Georgia and New Hampshire.

Day after day passed, and no Senators came, and no great number of Representatives. Letters were ordered to be sent to the absentees urging their immediate attendance; but the whole month of March passed, and still there was no quorum of either house.

It was rather aggravating, too, that members from the most distant States had arrived, while those from New Jersey lingered weeks and weeks. The reason was explained by Mr. Madison, in a letter to Gen. Washington of March 19, and a very curious reason it was. The law, in New Jersey, having fixed no time for closing the polls, they were kept open in some of the counties three or four weeks, each party still hoping to get more votes.

"It seems uncertain," wrote Mr. Madison, "when they would have been closed, if the Governor had not interposed by fixing on a day for receiving the returns."

At length on the 6th of April, 1789, there was a quorum of both houses. The first business was to open the packets containing the votes of the thirteen Electoral Colleges.

The Senate having notified the House that they were ready to meet them for this purpose, the Representatives, headed by their speaker, walked to the Senate Chamber, and the votes were counted.

For Gen. Washington every elector had given his vote; but Mr. Adams was elected to the Vice Presidency only by a plurality of thirty-four in sixty-nine.

John Jay received nine votes; and the others were scattered among Samuel Huntington, John Hancock, Robert H. Harrison, George Clinton, John Rutledge, John Milton, James Armstrong, Edward Telfair, and Benjamin Lincoln.

What is fame? How well known were all these names in 1789! At present some of them are so generally forgotten that it would be a good exercise for students to find out who they were, where they lived, and why they were thought of for the second office.

Cleanliness.

As a rule, every boy and girl, every young man and woman who will, can have clean clothes, a clean body, clean face, hands and feet, clean teeth, and a clean, sweet breath. Now, in your own mind, contrast cleanliness with its opposite. If we were only seeking to please the eye, the former is worth all the care necessary to secure it; we go farther than this, however. No one can be careless of his person, and unclean in his habits, without producing or perpetuating like disorder in mind, and in all he does.

Our bodies are covered with innumerable pores or holes, so small that the naked eye can not see them, and through these there is, or should be, a constant passage of effete dead matter. In warm weather we are made sensible of this fact by the perspiration which stands upon our faces and hands, or saturates our clothes. This effort of the system to cleanse itself inside is constant, whether we know it or not.

Suppose now that you neglect to keep your body clean outside; these little holes are stopped, the dead matter which should come out is kept in, the blood becomes impure, the brain wearies or gets lazy, we are lazy all over; then we are slack and careless; we do not like to study or think, even of nice things, and so we are injured all through if we do not keep the surface of the body clean. Of course, while we are at work or play, we get our clothes, face and hands soiled, and sometimes our whole bodies are covered with dust and perspiration; then what a luxury it is to bathe! It is not bad that we sometimes get dirt on us while doing our duty, but it is bad to be careless and let it remain there.

Cleanliness applies to the stomach and mouth as well as to the mere surface of the person. Be careful as to what you eat, and particularly be careful as to quantity. The stomach can only do a limited amount of digestive work, and if overworked becomes tired and careless, as the body does, and then becomes foul and unclean; the eye becomes dull; the brain sluggish; the breath bad; and beauty fades even from the young.

Heat and moisture cause rapid decomposition of flesh and vegetable substances. After we have eaten breakfast, dinner or supper, there are particles of food left in the mouth, between and adhering to the teeth. If the mouth is not washed or cleaned of these particles with a toothpick, they decay. Only think of carrying decayed matter in your mouth! Yet every one does it who does not clean his mouth and teeth. You can always tell, the moment you see a person, whether or not he takes care of his mouth and teeth. Little girls and boys, young men and women, if you want to be cheerful and noble when you have matured; if you want a sound mind and a pure spirit in a sweet, lovely body, keep clean.

Young Husbands.

During the past season we have had many marriages where the groom was not of age, and was earning, perhaps, only eight or ten dollars a week. He had no capital laid up when he entered the state matrimonial, and of course, depended on his mere bagatelle salary, never dreaming of drawbacks, in the shape of sickness, etc. This is eminently wrong. There should be a law requiring a young man to state before court his ability to care for and support a wife, before he married her. The fact of the matter is that this business of mere boys getting married should be stopped. Many and many a time, after marriage, they have hard work to support their family. They lose their situation, get ill, or something of the sort. Then they get into debt, never get out, live a hard, weary life, and heartily wish they had never heard of marriage. Love is all very well, but one can't make three meals a day out of it, and it won't pay house rent, or board bills worth a cent. Some of these young worthies think only of the blissful future, with no storms, no heavy expense and all that. We do not desire to discourage early marriages, but do say most emphatically that the young man who goes into this business had better understand the cost, responsibilities and tribulations. And when they can barely support themselves, it is nothing but ridiculous madness to tie themselves to others. If the young gentlemen will kindly roll a little of the above into their cigarettes, after dinner, and smoke it, they will find it to set well.—*Bloomington Eye.*

A nanny-mated scene: Two goats in harness.—Yawcob Strauss.

Whiskey is a bad juice, and you can't make good use of it neither.—Marathon Independent.

The pin may not be divinely called to fulfil a mission, but it has appointed work to do.—Steubenville Herald.

If a free and easy fellow is called a jolly dog, what would you call a tobacco chewer? A spitz dog.—New York Commercial.

What this country stands most in need of is a double-barreled-seven-octave-electro-medicated-brain pad—and it wants it bad.—Lockport Union.

Domestics belong to the hire class of society.—Yonkers Statesman. And "them literary fellers" to the lore class.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A news item tells of a man being killed "in a quarrel about two cents." One of the parties was two cent-sitive, and the old nickel get him.—Norristown Herald.

In the race for precedence between metals, it is said that pig-lead. Another instance of rule Britannia. Will any one dispewter right?—Boston Journal of Commerce.

When a woman runs after a street car, waving her handkerchief wildly, the conductor knows well enough what the wild waves saying.—Fat Contributor.

An exchange speaks of a "sea of glass." We presume it refers to someboy's glass eye.—Yonkers Statesman. This joke is an optical illusion. See?—Wheeling Leader.

The average young man knows what he is about when he makes love to a red headed, freckled face, homely girl. Her old man carries the secret in his pocket book.—Oswego Blade.

Dress Mad.

THE MODERN YOUNG LADY AT TWO PERIODS OF HER LIFE.

Behold her at eleven.

Her limbs unfettered by the long skirts of conventionality, she runs, she romps, she slides on the ice ponds, she rolls hoop, she climbs fences, she leaps, she kicks, she runs races and is as fleet of foot as the boys. Her appetite is good, her cheeks rosy, and her movements unconsciously graceful.

Behold her again at twenty. No more does she run or jump or roll hoop, run races or slide on the ice. It is not "proper" now nor ladylike, and she couldn't if she would, for she is fettered by long skirts, tight shoes and tighter stays. Her movement has no longer the freedom and unconscious grace of childhood, for now when she walks abroad she walks to be looked at, which now in her estimation is the main object of walking. She is already in delicate health, and has a doctor who prescribes expensive advice and prescriptions for her, and ascribes her complaint to anything and everything but the real cause. That is simply the fettering of the body with fashionable clothes. Physically she is a prisoner. At eleven she was free. The doctor advises travel, but he doesn't advise her to take off and keep off her fashionable fetters. She wouldn't do so if he did, and he wouldn't advise her if he knew it would bring relief, for she would no longer believe in a doctor who would make her dress like a guy; and being dressed like a "guy" is dressing different from the style prescribed by a Paris modiste. Diana never could hunt in a trailing skirt, narrow, tight, high-heeled gaiters, and a pinched, corseted waist, but Diana with a belted tunic and unfettered limbs would be bounced off Broadway by the nearest policeman. Dressing for health and freedom of body and limb is one thing, and dressing for fashion quite another. A man couldn't endure the pinching and encumbrances peculiar to feminine attire for an hour, and a pretty spectacle he'd make rushing about in such during business hours. Yet the "weaker sex" wear double the encumbrances of the so-called stronger. To "dress" at all after the style uses up half a woman's time and two-thirds of her strength.—*New York Graphic.*

Corn Growing.

Perhaps the greatest mistake that we make in corn growing is, we undertake to raise to much. No farmer should try to raise more corn that he can plant in good order and in good season. The rule has been with good farmers to break and plant until the first or tenth of June, and by that time the first planting is choked with weeds and grass. Now, the best time to commence working corn is as soon as it is through the ground, and that, too, with a harrow, especially if the season is somewhat dry. As to planting, I believe, as a rule, it is best to have it rowed both ways. I have a Brown's two horse planter and a Hoosier drill. I plant some with both each year, and if I was going to plant a small crop, say eight or ten acres, I would use the drill and set it to drop one grain every sixteen inches. We make a mistake sometimes and get our corn too thick in the ground, and this is a fatal mistake in a dry season. My experience is, that three stalks to the hill will give the best result on the best land we have in the country. There is no use in planting a poor piece of ground in corn unless we can manure it. If we have a thin piece of land on the farm, sow to wheat and top dress well with manure; then sow in grass and pasture until it recuperates; after which you can grow corn.—*Joseph Luse.*

Kind Words.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from their use.

Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:

1. They help one's own good nature and will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and silly words, and hasty words and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and they quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Dr. Hall says that every blade of grass contains a sermon. We can understand now why some people shave their lawns down so close. They want the sermons cut short.—Keokuk Gate City.

"I'll teach you to tear your clothes so," said an irate father reaching for the family urchin chastiser. "It is unneccessary," said the mother. "He knows too well already."—McGregor News.

When you see a crowd of people start from the sidewalk for the middle of the street you may conclude that a strong-minded woman with a baby-carriage is not far off.—Danielsonville Sentinel.

The misguided youth who brought in a poem asking if there is "A Solace for a Broken Heart," next visited a drug store in search of a solace for a broken head. Our salaried bouncer isn't to be fooled with!—Quincy Modern Argo.

"Where do our pins go?" asks a contemporary. In our younger days the pins usually went to a certain locality, which if not sat down on with extreme caution, would remind a fellow that there were such things as a few discomfitures in life.—Oswego Blade.

Training Children.

The grand blunder which almost all parents and nursemaids commit is that when the child takes a whim against doing what he is wanted to do—will not eat his bread and butter, will not go out, will not come to his lessons, etc.,—they, so to speak, lay hold of his hind leg and drag him to his duties; whereas, a person of tact will almost always distract the child's attention from its own obstinacy, and in a few minutes lead it gently round to submission. We know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with him and show him that he is the weaker vessel; but our conviction is that such struggles only tend to make his self-will more robust. If you can skillfully contrive to delay the dispute for a few minutes and get his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, ten to one he will give in quite cheerfully; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment.

Seeing A Man Home.

I picked Simmons up pretty near dead drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him a bit and said, "Here you are."

"Right," said he, and he gave a big bang at the knocker. Up went a window. "Who's there?" screamed a woman; "I have brought the old man home," said I. "All right," she cried, and came to the door. She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head. "Who are you shaking of?" says he. "Goodness gracious," cried the woman, "that is not my husband's voice." I struck a match and she found she had been shaking the wrong man. "There," cried the woman furiously, "I've been sitting up here expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger." "Don't he live here?" I asked. "No," said the woman, "he don't." "What made you knock?" said I to Simmons. "Knock," said he, "you told me to." "I thought you lived here," said I. "Glad I don't," said he. I supposed he was thinking of the shaking he'd had. At last I found where he did live, and got him home. Mrs Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked, out she came. "Oh," says she, "you're the wretch as makes my poor husband drunk, are you?" and she caught me a slap across the face. I've never seen a drunken man nome since.

Act From Principle.

How few persons there are whose lives are governed entirely by principle, rather than inclination. Even those of us who may be endeavoring to live for high purposes come far short of our aspirations; alas! how very far short. How often we find ourselves debating with our convictions of right and duty, questioning if it might not be as well for us to yield to inclination just for the time, promising our disturbed consciences that we will make up for the present indulgence by more rigorous self-denial and strict attention to duty. Vain, fallacious reasoning of a weak nature! We can never make up for one neglected opportunity unimproved, one misspent hour, one wrong, selfish act. Once past, the opportunity unimproved, the hour wasted, the act committed, it is beyond our reach or recall, except in thoughts of regret. We may atone for it, but we can never change the past. Alas! how painfully are we aware of this fact. Then should we all endeavor the more earnestly to make our lives ornaments of principle; for we all know that after all, the path of duty, though sometimes rugged, is not without sweet pleasure; and let us never follow our inclinations if they would lead us away from right. Then shall we be permitted at the last to look back upon our lives with satisfaction, feeling that we have "done what we could," and that our Father regards us with smiles of approval.

The Human Ear.

Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding string in the other. Touch a string in one and the corresponding string in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. So with any combination of the strings. It would not matter how you played the one harp, the other would respond. No doubt the response would be weaker. That is what one would expect; but the response, as regards pitch and quality, would be almost perfect. Now substitute for one harp a human ear, and the conditions would, according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the ear is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute cords, rods, or something, in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch; sound a tone, its corresponding rod or chord in the ear will respond, perhaps feebly, but still with energy sufficient to excite the nerve filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current to the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch.

Beating a Railroad Company.

A good "drive" was perpetrated upon a Connecticut conductor by a man who boarded the train at a way-station and paid his fare to a few miles distant. On reaching his destination he concluded to proceed to a further station, and finally continued on until he reached Winsted. Each time he paid his fare in cash to the conductor, instead of buying a ticket at the station, although by this means the passage cost him considerable more. At last the conductor spoke to him of this, and suggested that it would be economy for him to buy a ticket, and asked him why he didn't. "Well," said the passenger, "I'll tell you. Some time last summer I got into a little trouble with this company, and they used me mighty mean, so I just said to myself: "They won't never get another cent of my money if I live a hundred years; and they won't, and that's why I pay my fare to the conductors." The conductor dropped the conversation at that point.

It many times falls out we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.—[Sir P. Sidney.

He who would not be frustate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.—[Milton.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—[Milton.

The great man loves the conversation or book that convicts him, not that which soothes and flatters him.—[Emmerson.

Men believe that their reason governs their words, but it often happens that words have power to react on their reason.—[Bacon.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.—[Sir W. Temple.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—[Seneca.

I once knew a man who had advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking off his hat.—[Coleridge.

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words to things.—[South.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and that they assume.—[Burke.

Whenever men have become heartily wearied of licentious anarchy, their eagerness has been proportionally great to embrace the opposite extreme of rigorous despotism.—[Whatley.

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Cement for Cast Iron.

Take two parts of best sulphur and one part, by weight, of find black lead; put the sulphur in an old iron kettle, holding it over the fire until it melts, then add the lead; stir well until all is thoroughly mixed and melted. Pour out on an iron plate, or smooth stone, and let it remain until cool, care being taken not to jar it while cooling. A sufficient quantity of this compound being placed upon the crack, it can be soldered by using a red hot iron in the same manner that a tinsmith uses a soldering copper. If there is a hole in the kettle, drive a rivet in it, and solder over with this cement.

If the cement is wanted to mend a stove, the following is a good receipt: Take one part powdered sulphur, two parts sal-ammoniac, eight parts clean, powdered iron turnings. Add water sufficient to make into a thick paste, which should be pressed into the holes or seams to be filled up. The ingredients composing this cement should be kept separate, and not mixed until wanted for use. It is to be applied cold, and the article should not be used for two or three days after mending.

A Puzzle With Words.

Students of the Institute of Technology at Boston designed a puzzle, which excites considerable interest. Given two words of an equal number of letters, the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, containing the alterations until the desired result is attained. The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes:

East to *West*—East, vast, vest, West.
Boot to *Shoe*—Boot, soot, shot, Shoe.
Dog to *Cat*—Dog, dig, fig, fag, fat, Cat.
Milk to *Hash*—Milk, mile, male, mate, hate, hath, Hash.
Road to *Rail*—Road, rood, root, coot, coat, coal, coil, toil, tail, Rail.
Soup to *Fish*—Soup, soul, soil, foil, fowl, fool, foot, coot, cost, cast, fast, fist, Fish.

The game is quite popular in railroat offices as well as in family circles and at firesides, and seems to furnish instruction with amusement.

To Tell the Age of Cows.

The age of horned cattle may generally be known by rings on the horns till their tenth year; after that time they give no indication of age further than that the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appears on the horn after the animal is two years old—soon after, as a general rule, though sometimes before that age. During the third year the ring gradually increases, and at three years of age it is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the fifth year it is complete. After that period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain, and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. A cow with three rings is six years old; with four rings she is seven years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year; the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are petty sure indications of old age.

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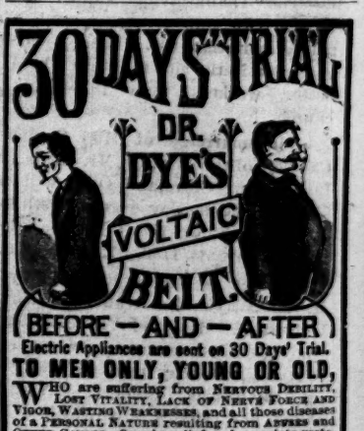

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